Scotch Theatre in New York? Aye, Says Duncan Macdougall

DUNCAN MACDOUGALL, Who Is Trying to Found a Scottish Theatre in New York.

THERE is everything in a name. The man who wants a Scottish theatre in New York is Duncan Macdougall.

Before you meet him you are confident that he has heard descendants of the hereditary piper, MacCruimin, of the MacLeods of MacLeod. You feel that he will smack of bluebell and bonnie braes, if such a thing be possible. You practise saying "Och-aye!" and "Toots" in the uptown subway going to the place where Mr. Macdougall has agreed to meet you.

Even before Harry Lauder came to America you liked Scotland. Stevenson, Barrie and "Wee MacGreegor" all have had their influence. You revel in the Scotch burr-r-r-r. But you hope Mr. Macdougall will translate himself as he goes along.

You discover him in the studio of a friend at 161 Columbus Avenue, which is at Sixty-seventh Street. Mr. Macdougall's hair, according to the American color card, is Palm Beach sandy, tinged with Newport tan. You can't forget his hair; it is so thick, so curly and carefree.

Physically Mr. Macdougall does not resemble either of the best known Johnsons—Samuel and Jack. You would not take him for a caber tosser nor a wielder of a decapitating claymore. But his mental biceps, you soon find out, are worthy of the land that produced a Burns and a Scott.

MACDOUGALL IS "ON": HE CALLS THE INTERBOROUGH THE CULPRIT.

He fits your ideal of a true Scottish gentleman. This he achieves immediately by the way he pardons you for being late. You blame it on the Interborough. With an energetic sincerity that soothes Mr. Macdougall calls it the culprit.

His burr, if he has a mind to lapse into it, is equally effective whether received standing or sitting.

So we sit down.

While sparring for time something is said concerning United Presbyterian ministers of the auld school. It is suggested that perhaps Mr. Macdougall has heard many a guid auld parson of that type, in kirks back home, discourse for two hours on a Biblical text without once falling into the lingo or calisthenics of the baseball athlete.

He thereupon recites the One Hundredth Psalm as he has heard it intoned in Scotch pulpits. It is a kind of singing. A man might do it and say he was not a musician, but no man could do it who could not sing. It helps you understand why Billy Sunday methods have not been adopted in Scotland. They are unnecessary. It would be difficult to imagine a more effective means for controlling the attention of a congregation than Mr Macdougall's rendering of the One Hundredth Psalm.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PERFECTLY QUIET LEGS.

Billy Sunday jumps about considerably. An auld time Scotch meenister can be successful in holding the attention taut, Mr. Macdougall showed the other day, even when his legs are perfectly quiet.

It is such finished acting that it paves the way for appreciation of whatever Mr. Macdougall may have to say as to why New York should possess a Scottish theatre. He has acted many parts in many lands. He formerly lectured at St. Andrews College, within the University of Sydney, Australia, and was for some time connected with the Department of Public Instruction in New South Wales. Having been a director of an educational theatre, he is well fitted to talk on the subject.

Among Scottish people in this city it is hoped that so great an interest may be soon aroused in Mr. Macdougall's plan that plays under his direction may be given by Scottish actors. They intend to make such productions as "Roy Roy" in the fall.

We got around to such things after a while, and Mr. Macdougall, walking about the room in his overcoat, said:

"A change has come over the theatre. The conventional manager doesn't know this yet. He does know that he is at sixes and sevens. The change is simply this: In everything to-day—in play, as in books, magazines, newspapers and pictures—the people want information. First-hand and first-rate. As direct as they can bolt it.

"Of course, we want to be entertained. We roar through an empty farce. Then we step out into the cool and say, 'What d'ye think of the boobs that can swallow stuff like that!'

"The theatre and the church are habits with some. The theatre and the church alike are also attracting folk who are hunting for they know not what. Thousands have already given up the search, and tens of thousands more are waiting to be searched."

At this point Mr. Macdougall apologized. He was, he warned, about to use the word "art." He said he didn't mean to be offensive, but he couldn't for the life of him think of any other word that would answer his purpose so well.

"Say what we will, art has its use. It is as downright and practical a thing to me as making and selling and forwarding carpets would be, if in my line. Well, then, its use is to entertain and to instruct.

"Why instruct? Because if the artist has nothing to say he is a bore. The use of art is to feed. The artist is the chef of the soul of man. You can't feed on froth for long. The artist is the jovial priest—none the less sincere for all that. The test of him is his sincerity. The sincerest teachers have always pitted themselves against art when the artists tickled palates only. The hefty artists have ever and ever given battle royal to the Church when churchmen evaded reality for cant.

"Clever, vapid entertainment may fill one theatre and empty ninety-nine. Fashionable cant may draw for a day and scare for a generation. Governors and governments, managers and managements, sooner or later learn to readjust to people's wants and needs.

"A question of wants and needs. In the end they are the same, to the wise. Your kid howls for chocolate and needs sleep. The people want to be entertained while they learn; and the same again backward; like children. Only, don't tell anybody I said so."

What with watching the inimitable delivery of these opinions and trying to keep mental pace with the man who had thought them out, the job of interviewing Mr. Macdougall was fast making the writer wish he might have paid his $2 for a seat and given himself up solely to the enjoyment of the occasion.

There is one thing about Mr. Macdougall. You don't have to think up any hypothetical questions. He injects his own interrogations.

"You can't keep the kids of to-day from a twentieth century school that is a twentieth century school. You can't keep people out of the 'movies.' When the theatre is as alive to the real condition of things you will not be able to keep them out of the theatre, either. The 'movies' know how to move. Let the actors know how to act. There is a mighty public champing for the theatre that one seldom or never enters now.

"In the beginning and in the end it is imagination that tells. Leg is good, but brain is better. Let us practise economy. Why set the lesser outweigh the greater in the theatre any more than elsewhere? All other things being equal, choose the actor or the actress with the Grecian leg.

"I warn you, these things are seldom, if ever, equal—though the legs may be. The good leg off the stage is not necessarily to the purpose on the stage. Give me the artist with the right brain and the wrong leg for the job. It is so! It is part and parcel of my work to attend to that."

It was plain to see that the Scottish Theatre, if started in this city, would be different in more ways than one. With great sincerity and emphatic gestures Mr. Macdougall continued:

"I can mould a Grecian form for a few dollars, one better for the play than Mother Nature's own. But the best of stage direction cannot supply brains.

"Even the architect bulges the Greek column to make the stone look straight in perspective. The artists of the theatre will bulge the human column to fit the bulge in the artist's brain. Even now we bulge the word, the manner and the voice in the theatre. Why not the body? I plump for the actor with his brain on the bulge.

"I will not be bothered whether the actor is fat or lean, bald or thatched, straight or bowlegged or groggy eyed. Actors are rare enough with all the doors wide open. Why open only one door one width? Is it because the commercial manager doesn't know his business? I am sure it is.

"Prescott surveyed all Mexican history, in his blindness as no other could. Huber, perhaps the closest of all observers of the bees, used the eyes of his wife and servant. We are accustomed to blindness of a sort in cabinet ministers, but several distinguished ministers have been physically blind as well.

"How many would have suggested all that lay latent in Helen Keller?

"In this month's 'American Magazine' is an account of a blind young doctor in an Illinois hospital who is a most extraordinary diagnostician. It is a paradoxical fact, in spite of the 'sound mind in sound body' nonsense, that it is the abnormal sick men who have the strongest working brains—and the weakest.

"Therefore, to my theatre I whistle up all the despised and rejected of the commercial theatres, be they physically sound or unsound, halt or lame or blind, so long as they have in their bones and their brains in one strong way or another the art and science of the theatre."

THE ROLE OF THE UPHOLSTERER ON BROADWAY AND PICCADILLY.

The writer was certain he had heard several times before references to commercialism in the theatre, and Mr. Macdougall was requested to specify what he would do about it.

"As things are at present," he replied, "the original artists of the theatre are for the most part barred or driven from the theater. The upholsterer rules. The theatre is conducted like a drygoods store. And any draper of average accomplishment could present all that is presented in most of the plays on Broadway and Piccadilly.

"The well known Brown writes a play. Brown is safe; and so is his play. A syndicate is formed; a star is engaged; a theatre is booked; the agent told to send round a company; the scene painter arranges the scenery; the store, the furniture.

"The company is rehearsed. All the conventions are strictly observed.

"Up goes the curtain.

"Neither dramatist, director, producer nor performers for this conglomeration, needed to know any more about the inner side of acting, or drama, than do shopwalkers, and mannequins, and baseball managers.

"One of your papers has a witty headline every day: 'Drama and Athletics.'

"Money can do all these things, but money cannot give us works of art; cannot choose artists; cannot express a soul it has not got. It can express athletics. And does."

It was suggested, as gently as possible, that the substance of what he had just been asserting had been said many times before, and that the ideas were not, therefore, as new as they might be, though delivered in a highly animated and forcible manner.

"As if any idea could be new!" came back Mr. Macdougall, like a shot from a rapid-fire gun. Columbus would blow west to go east? The idea was five hundred years old. They would deign to look over his plans. The wily king steals them and hands them to Don Somebodio, with an outfit and all.

"Who was Columbus, anyway? Don Somebodio gets blown back in the first gale. That's Don Somebodio all over. Don Somebodio never yet since the beginning of the world did anything but help to wound or to kill. Don Somebodio never gets anywhere. The real, practical men are all dreamers."

Before the writer had finished putting the inquiry the Scotch actor-manager caught the drift of the remark and, while walking up and down the studio, asked himself half a dozen questions, and replied to them as follows:

"What is the latest product, the product of this day, this hour, in dramatic representation? Antoine's? Reinhardt's? Decidedly no! They and their works are all reactionary.

"The latest turn in the drama is the photo-drama. The humble movie!

"Bernard Shaw has put in a word for the movie. But Bernard Shaw—long life to him!—is getting old. If G. B. S. were as young as he once was, he would have told you pointblank that the photo-drama is the only genuine dramatic product of the day after Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Brieux.

"All the rest is mere fumbling.

"Even Americans have been sneering at American drama, not recognizing that under their own noses they have been shaping the only true dramatic form in these days.

"But is it art?

"Never doubt it! Crude art, if you like. But yet art. As much art as that that Shakespeare found crying out in Elizabethan streets, waiting for somebody to regard it. As much art as Æschylus found in Thespis; as Vega found at the Castilian fair; as Molière found in the booths of Italian comedy.

"We await the man who will turn this technique of the photo-drama to the account of the completer theatre. Mind you, I do not say literary theatre: for not even Shakespeare and Molière were literary dramatists in their own day. Just as the supreme forces in letters to-day are not the conservative littérateurs, but the journalists. The new drama will make the photo-drama vocal. First of all, without Edison. You newspaper men will help us to get it through, for you have the strategic position. I look to America.

"The greatest plays in all literature, without exception, were written by actors and managers. Also, alas! the worst plays!

"It is usually taken for granted that the dramatist arrives before the actor; because, they say, the actor cons the words of the dramatist. A great mistake! Things are not so simple, under analysis.

"The actor comes before, and educates the dramatist, who is a later development. The actor in Thespis, Shakespeare and Molière developed before the dramatist. Wanting to act, they called for plays. They demanded plays with more reality than any they saw. Failing to get them, they sat down and wrote them. And forged ahead. It is eternally so.

"Old Burbage, the father of Dick, a carpenter as well as an actor, with his own hands built the first Shakespearian theatre. Reason to believe, too, that he and Dick gave Shakespeare his first hints on the writing of plays. All dramatists go to school to the actor. Let the public be warned! If I can't dig out the lively plays I want I shall sit me down and score them off myself. Some threat!"

Mr. Macdougall asked that a word be put in for the actor. There are trainloads, he said, of nice, clever men and women making a living on the stage—for nice, clever men and women are common—but precious few actors among them. Nevertheless, he added, the managers can't fool all the people all the time.

"Even the born actor who sells his soul to get through has the life sapped out of him. For, bless me! he was chosen for his figure in the manager's office. The conventional manager hunts for Cherubim and Seraphim, not actors. The actor is expected to do with his legs what he could do far better with his imagination. And we ask where the actor has gone. He is latent. When we want him we shall find him.

"Suppose you were invited by card to meet an actor—what would your imagination expect?

"A tall and handsome, graceful, self-centred, vacant fop, with a flunkey's best tea-party voice?

"Yet the actor is a living, moving sculptor, a composer of music, and the vocal interpreter of that music. Therefore, he is not as plentiful as wild buds in the spring. This is your manager's one stool of repentance. Let him repent forthwith. Let him find the actor through better agencies than the present pot-lucky ones, and, having found him, let him treat him humanly.

"Even the traditions are against our commercial theatre. The Greek tragedians, being undersized for the conditions of the work in hand, were given hoofs of willow wood; their heads being small, masks; their voices being lost in the vast, secreted megaphones.

STAGE GODS WHO WERE CLUMSY, SHORT AND SQUAT-FACED.

"In England Richard Burbage, brother in art to Shakespeare, was fat and short and scant of breath. Betterton, the paragon of the tragic stage, was a clumsy gawk off it. Plain David Garrick confessed to 5 feet 4, and was probably less. The mighty Edmund Kean was even slighter than Garrick, and suffered from neurosis. Squat-faced Foote acted with but one leg.

"The German theatre tells the same story, with Ekhof and Kainz as outstanding examples of great tragedians of small frame. A great German manager is reported to have said: 'If your actor is short and ugly, with an everyday sort of voice, by all means send him to me. If he is tall and gracious, with a lovely voice, let him stay where he is.'

"In theatrical France we have the longest line of the ugliest tragedians and comedians in history. The uglier the better.

"It is the same in literature. It would be easy to prove, with Lombroso, that Molière's asthmatic couch, Byron's and Scott's withered stumps and Wilde's mental hermaphroditism came from the same root as their poetry. Who would have thought, to look at Robert Louis Stevenson, that his wing flapped to the eagles of adventure? What of the abstruse mathematicians who score the Alice in Wonderland?"

He quoted from Mark Twain, as follows:

"Nowadays, when a mood comes which only Shakespeare can set to music, what must we do? Read Shakespeare ourselves! Isn't it pitiful? It is playing an organ solo on a Jew's harp. We can read. None but the Boots can do it . . . The tragedians are dead; but I think that the taste and intelligence which made their market are not."

And in reply to a question as to why, according to his viewpoint, the drama was further behind than other arts and industries, Mr. Macdougall said:

"I will tell you why the artists of the theatre are the last of the artists to come up to date. Ever considered that their implements are the most expensive of all? And include all the expenses of all the other artists put together?

"The actor-producer needs an expensive building; must scour the world for the real plays; be ready for a hungry company of players; tow along painters and material; robers—sometimes spelled robbers—and material; a clerical and mechanical staff.

"Most other artists can equip themselves for $50 and have something portable to show.

"The actor-producer with a working repertory scheme needs $50,000 and to be a born economist to boot. Tyler spent $50,000 on one play alone, 'The Garden of Paradise,' and the angel with the flaming sword turned him out with barely a fig leaf. Let Tyler take a leaf out of the book of Stanislawsky, the actor-manager of Moscow. I think I have made clear what we want on the technical side.

"We will produce plays by Scottish and Scottish-American dramatists.

"We will produce plays by American or other dramatists on the Scottish people. In a word, we will specialize on the Scottish and Scottish-American play.

"It is also the intention of the Scottish Theatre of America to specialize on the American folk play, as well as on the Scottish folk play.

"So far, certain folk groups in America have only been caricatured in the American theatre. Yet America is the big foster-mother of all the folk of all the nations, and these folk cry aloud for sympathetic treatment in the theatre. It is up to the proverbial 'Scot abroad' to draw them. The company will be mainly, if not altogether, Scottish or Scottish-American, but we are open to produce all other plays from our own point of view.

"As to subjects, we are as broad and as round as the globe. We expect our dramatists to tear down the fourth wall and lift the lid off all the dramatic corners of human life and allow something more than a peep inside: to take the little stenographers in the city, the petty clerks, the man of affairs, the man with the hoe and the pick-axe, the laborers everywhere; the man with ideals, the man without ideals, and the man who tries to serve God and mammon at one time; show us the crooks in jail and the crooks in Wall Street; the factories, the shops, the exchanges, the streets, the mines; the ins-and-outs of senates and congresses and courts; the presidents, the kings, the queens, the princes, the princesses, the officials high and low; the drama of the white, the black, the red and the yellow houses.

"People want the dramatic inside of things to-day, to the very letter, as well as to the spirit of them. Roughly, that is the new technique. We want to know, dramatically, through the theatre what we cannot know so well through any other form. And, in the end, it is the simplest, plainest, nearest, everyday, homely things that men and women like best. In art, as in life. Like children again. The thrills are there. I sometimes think that they are there only."

Asked the minimum amount of capital required Mr. Macdougall said $25,000. A number of Scottish-American business and professional men are interested, and they are hopeful of making up the amount soon.

"I am firmly convinced," added Mr. Macdougall "that the need of these days is the cheap theatre. And the intimate theatre. By intimate theatre I do not mean a small theatre, but a friendlier theatre. Where the artists work for the crowd, and with the crowd; not at them. It should seat about twelve hundred persons. No seat in the house should be more than 50 cents. Before many months these new theatres will exist all over America.

"I look to the East Side of New York—to the quick witted, broad minded Jew. A wink is as good as a nod. The Jew lately created the folk drama of the German cities. I take off my hat to him here.

"Also"—and Mr. Macdougall lapsed into the Scottish dialect for the first time since his imitation of the minister—"to my ain strenuous brither Scot—the intellectual, perfervid, classic Scot."

It was time to part. The writer tried to offer his thanks and best wishes in Scotch, and failed.

"Guid efternoon," said Mr. Macdougall, in dialect that is born, not made, "and wi' al' the guid luck in the wurrld!"

HIS LIFE'S WORK OVER, HE TOOK A HEADER INTO A SEA OF NEW YORK FACTS

WITH the exception of the man's name this is a true story.

John H. Nutt had been slightly peculiar all his life. He never played kelly pool or bowled. Indeed, he was inclined to stick around home evenings. Like all sensible persons he had a hobby. Curious facts were a passion with him. It was his ambition to publish some day a book of odd facts.

Great wealth was not his chief ambition. "Only enough," he used to pray, "so that I may keep my hobby and exercise it a little now and then." With a Carnegie library nearby, it was not an expensive hobby. Frugal by nature, he saw that by the time he was fifty-five he could give up everything else and devote his waking hours to the fulfilment of his heart's desire. His children would be married, or their livelihood otherwise assured. The needs of his wife and himself would be small. As they owned their home, having been members of a building and loan association, an income of say $1,500 a year would satisfy every necessity.

It Was His Ambition to Publish a Book of Odd Facts.

At last the day of retirement from money making arrived. It was the thirtieth anniversary of his employment by the firm. Having been a foreman for a considerable number of years, as always happens in such cases, those under him bought an umbrella and engaged the boss to make a presentation speech. The boss, of course, told how faithful John had been and assured him that if he ever needed a job one awaited him. The pension system had not been introduced into his shop. John had enough, anyway.

JOHN NUTT WAS A PERFECTLY METHODICAL PERSON.

The following morning the excitement connected with leave taking having moderated, John sat down at his desk in the dining room and took a sheet of paper preparatory to leading his hobby out of the stable. Being of a methodical turn of mind he decided to set down a general plan of campaign. After thinking awhile, he concluded that one might as well begin at home. "Facts about New York City" would make a good chapter heading, he thought. So he set down the following series of questions.

How many churches are there in New York?

How many church members are there?

Which is the biggest and which the richest denomination?

Which is the largest individual church?

Which is the richest?

Which is housed in the oldest building?

Which business building is the largest?

Which is the longest street?

Where is the shortest street and how long is it?

How long is our biggest bridge and which is our smallest?

Which is the largest park?

Which is the smallest?

How large is the biggest cemetery?

Which is the most highly valued piece of ground in Manhattan?

These were the questions which first arose in his mind. Where should he find answers to them? There was the library down at the corner.

At the library, having made his errand known, he was directed to an almanac filled with statistical information of all kinds, especially relating to churches and parks. What a long list of churches there was. He counted the number of churches of each denomination in each borough and noted which were richest, which had the largest membership and income. It took nearly all day to get answers to the questions about the churches alone. He had worked steadily, too. When he reached home just before the evening meal he was prepared to make his first entries under the heading, "Facts About New York City." And it may be stated they were facts. After eating he lighted his pipe and sat down at the desk again to make a beginning. This was what he wrote:

"There are in New York City 1,496 churches, of which 672 are in Manhattan and The Bronx, 561 in Brooklyn, 193 in Queens and 68 in Richmond. The biggest denomination is the Roman Catholic.

At the Library He Made His Errand Known.

In Manhattan it has 142 churches and property valued at $45,978,500, and claims a total of 745,697 parishioners. The largest Roman Catholic parish is that of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, a Spanish church. It claims 35,000.

"One-third of the people of Manhattan and The Bronx are supposed to be affiliated with the churches; in Brooklyn, approximately one-half, while in Queens and Richmond the proportion is smaller than in the so-called wicked Manhattan and The Bronx. Although there are only 111 more churches in Manhattan and The Brenx than there are in Brooklyn, they own property worth three times as much, the valuation of the former being $138,407,737, and that of the latter, $44,448,372. The total value of all church property in the city is $192,885,184. The richest church is Trinity, Manhattan. The one receiving the largest annual revenue for religious purposes according to published accounts is St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal, on Fifth Avenue, the total being $294,385. The wealthiest congregation in proportion to the number of its contributing members is the First Reformed Episcopal, on Madison Avenue, corner of East Fifty-fifth Street. It has 100 members and property valued at $400,000. The assets, therefore, are $4,000 for each member. The oldest churches are the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas and the Marble Collegiate, on Fifth Avenue, which are the heirs of the Church in the Fort, established by the Dutch in 1628. The oldest church building is St. Paul's, which was erected 1764-66.

IT MAY INTEREST LIVE FOLKS—AND MAY NOT.

"The biggest cemetery in the city is Greenwood, which contains 478 acres and is only forty-eight acres smaller than Prospect Park. In Prospect Park, by the way, there is a cemetery fourteen acres in extent. In Manhattan there are only three notable cemeteries, all of which are the property of Trinity Church. Trinity Cemetery in the upper part of the island is the largest. It contains thirty-five acres. There are a few unused graveyards so small that they have been hidden by the buildings, and consequently are little known. Probably the smallest is the one in the centre of the block bounded by the Bowery, Second Avenue and Second and Third Streets. Intended as 'a place of interment for gentlemen,' no one has been buried in this private place for a century, and the abiding places of few of the heirs of the original owners are known. So it must go on being a cemetery forever. Or, so it seems."

"Well," said the hobby owner, putting down his pen, "that is enough for one night. To-morrow I will go down to the Bureau of Streets in the Municipal Building and find out which is the longest and which the shortest street in the city. While I am there I can look up some other facts, too."

It was 9:30 o'clock, time for a retired foreman with a hobby for preciseness to be in bed. Mr. Nutt retired.

Almost before the public servants had rung up on the time clocks the next morning he was at the Municipal Building. In the Municipal Building in Naples, owing to the fact that you pay the equivalent of a fifth of a cent for the privilege of using the elevator, the visitor to the building usually so orders his business that he rides to the highest floor which he wishes to visit and walks down, stopping according to his schedule. Mr. Nutt decided to arrange his calling list in the same order, although for another reason. He was methodical. He took his place in front of the directory board with paper in hand. The information about streets could be had on the twenty-first floor. The Bureau of Buildings was on the twentieth. Just below on the eighteenth was the Bridge Department. Parks were on the tenth, etc. Then he boarded the express car.

THE HOME OF CURIOUS QUESTIONS, YET A NEW ONE IS SPRUNG.

"All sorts of curious questions are asked us," said a gentleman in the Bureau of Streets, when Friend Nutt asked him about the longest and shortest streets in Manhattan, "but that question has never been put up to us before. Let's look it up. It's an interesting thing to know."

"I suppose there is no doubt that Broadway is the longest. It runs from the Battery to Kingsbridge."

"Yes, it probably is," said the authority on streets as he pulled out his scale map. "The shortest is either Chestnut, which runs between Oak and Pearl, just off of New Chambers, or Edgar, which connects Trinity Place and Greenwich, just below Exchange Alley. Chestnut is shorter on its short side," said the official, looking at the two streets on the map, "but it is as long on the other that the centre line is 58 feet. The centre of Edgar is 55 feet, so that is with little doubt the shortest street in Manhattan."

Then a portion of a street map of all Manhattan was unrolled and equipped with a small nickelled registering device, with a tiny wheel on it. "Made in Germany," the official ran it along Broadway as if it were a taxicab. He followed the bends in the street as it worked its way across to the west side of the map. Having reached Kingsbridge by successive unrollings of the chart, he glanced at the record and announced after a moment's calculation, "13.35 miles."

Mr. Nutt thanked the official, having made a note of the figures, and descended to the floor below. It turned out that in the Bureau of Build-

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Finding the Shortest Street.